

The Trinity Tripod

Hartford, Connecticut



December 20, 1944

The Trinity Triumph

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

DECEMBER 20, 1944

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The Tripod would like to thank Mrs. Welch and all those who have helped to make this first issue possible.

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POLICY

- I We are, first and foremost, a student paper, put out exclusively by Trinity undergraduates and concerned mainly with the welfare of the student body.
- II We shall be non-partisan in national and local politics, but reserve the right to comment on all candidates for campus offices.
- III We shall not hesitate to point out needed reforms in the administration or policies of Trinity College.
- IV We shall endeavor to promote closer cooperation and companionship between the V-12 unit and civilian body.
- V We shall encourage the formation of all new clubs and organizations whose activities promise to be worthwhile.
- VI We are not and never shall be the spokesman of any special group or any special interests.
- VII Within reasonable limits, we shall do what we pretty damn please!

Harry Brand,
Editor-in-Chief

THE FACULTY SPEAKS . . .

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Educators throughout the nation are today engaged in lively discussions over the merits of a compulsory military training program in the postwar period. The Tripod, believing that every student at Trinity is vitally concerned with this problem, interviewed a half dozen of the college's faculty members. The question was put this way: "Are you in favor of having a compulsory military training program established in the postwar period?"

Lt. Mueller: I am heartily in favor of it, if established on the right grounds. It should not be in the form of a V-12 program, although some of that program's features may be retained. My idea is this: If we could select all men correctly, we could give those qualified for college all the work to help them, while the majority of the men could be taught a trade along with military conduct. Nowadays, about 18-20% of all high school graduates go to college, while the other 80% try to find jobs and often have to search a long time before they can fit in somewhere. Now the Army and Navy could teach those lads valuable trades during their training period, and so equip them better for civilian life.

I do not think that people will object to the program if it is worked out the right way. A year of military service would not be a lost year at all, since the men would receive practical instruction as well as training.

Instead of getting these men together in large groups, such as the Great Lakes Naval Training Station whose capacity is now 100,000 men, I am in favor of having at least 500 smaller centers established throughout the country, so that the individual may keep some of his identity instead of becoming a mere number.

Also, I'd like to see civilian educators, with perhaps a few months of military indoctrination, take hold, since the program should be largely educational. These educators should not be in some far-off place like Washington, but directly present at each center. That, in my opinion, is necessary for the success of the program.

Professor Troxell: We believe that it would be a mistake to prolong our present compulsory, or universal, military training beyond a very few years after victory. For a time it might be well to make a show of strength at the peace table, to discourage any recalcitrant nation that might want to make trouble. Later a small, volunteer, well-trained unit, depending on the air force and a strong navy, would serve our needs. If such a measure were continued for a few years it would be our "number one unpopular law".

Our objections summarized:

Not needed--rely on volunteers.

The army does not offer a desirable general course.

Expenses would be very great, adding to our national debt.

Provides no better training than the colleges offer.

Would interrupt the school program of every boy and discourage higher education.

Limited to the physically fit otherwise useless and costly.

The unfit will go to college and later get the good jobs.

Army training is never efficient except in an emergency.

Hints of continued regimentation, subsidising and government

direction of the individual.

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Young men will try to evade the law and we predict that some future politician will win the election on his opposition to the measure.

Mr. Clarke: I believe in a training program, but it should be co-ordinated with college. Instead of taking a year out of college, the student should be allowed to pursue his studies while receiving military instruction. He could also spend his summer at a training camp for the hard "boot" stuff.

Dr. Dwyer: It all depends upon how conditions will be after the war. France certainly did not benefit by it. I wouldn't like to commit myself at present.

Mr. Ljungquist: I think we should have it, but how it is going to be worked out is beyond me. One thing I am firm about--the man's college career should not be interrupted, but the program operated in conjunction with regular college courses.

Mr. Jessee: It should consist of a certain amount of compulsory physical training combined with a certain amount of military science. Discipline, body-building and military tactics should be the main features. I don't think a year should be taken out of the fellow's life, but that the program should be combined with college life and the summer spent at camp.

Professor Taylor: Generally speaking, I am for it in principle, but with certain reservations. The program would give us the nucleus of an army and navy, if we should go to war again, and would eliminate the frantic training in this one. My reservations are these: It should not interfere with a young man's education, and he should not have to break off his college or high school work.

If the training period could be fitted into the school program and made to coincide with either the man's last year in high school or his first or second in college, I should certainly be for it. Of course, military authorities might require the men to go to camp. In this case, I should favor the use of the summer, with the young man receiving pay since he might otherwise have spent the season earning money for his tuition.

Dean's Statement

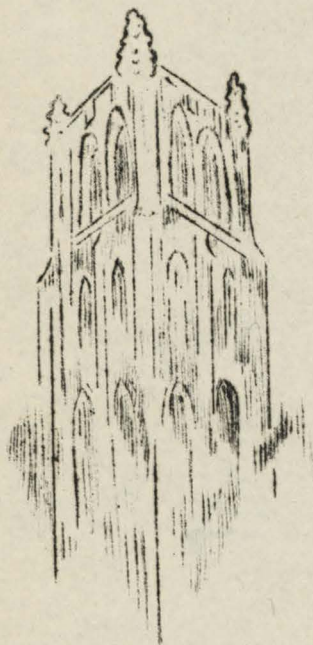
Two or three weeks ago I offered to the editors of the current issue of The Tripod the use of the office next to mine. I have not seen as yet the result of their efforts, but I can testify from my own knowledge that they have been busy. Even if I were convinced of the contrary, however, I should be glad to give them my blessing. We need a college paper. The handicaps of a war-time campus are so numerous that it would be unfortunate indeed if this project were forced to contend with a lack of student interest. I hope that a considerable number of Navy and civilian students will want to join the staff of The Tripod. Regular and frequent issues of a campus paper are possible, provided enough men are willing to supply the necessary contributions of their time and efforts. Good luck to the venture!

December 16, 1944

Arthur H. Hughes

Know Your College

by A. MARRI



* * There are many interesting things about Trinity which the average student does not know of, but would like to learn. The Tripod now attempts to pass along a few scraps of information which may clear up the "whys" of some students. In the long run, we believe any student should be familiar with his college to realize the responsibility he carries as a member of Trinity.

Don't be green, know your college!

By now you should have heard that Trinity College's first site was Capitol Hill. At that time, 1826 to be exact, Trinity consisted only of two brown-stone buildings, one designed by none other than Samuel F. B. Morse and the second by Solomon Willard, noted architect of the Bunker Hill Monument.

Trinity fell into the spirit of the times,

carrying a classic load of Greek and Latin courses. With these courses and a stiff entrance examination, her prestige was soon established and her reputation spread. An appropriate beginning for any college, we should say!

Unfortunately Hartford expanded (accept the apologies of a sorrowful New Britainite!) and the magistrates soon eyed out the excellent location chosen by our predecessors. Of necessity, we sold out and moved house. Of the two glorious buildings which once formed the nucleus of our college, there is little left. A replica, however, of the first portico is still seen in our Trinity seal.

Our new site was to be a lovely, quiet hill which overlooked Hartford--Gallows Hill! (It may please our students to know we now trudge to class over the same spot where the earlier citizens did most of their executing.) By 1878 the college was well on its way again with both Seabury and Jarvis ready for victims. These two dormitories were the only ones unfortunate enough to come under the care of Thomas Burgess--an architect at the elaborate art of quadrangles. Although the buildings were separated at first, they were later joined in 1880 when Northam Towers was built. Some of the more nosey students might have fun searching the crevices to see how well they are connected. At any rate, I'm sure most of you thought the buildings were one to begin with.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan, the great financier, donated the library and William Gwynn Mather, the chapel. The latter building was started in 1929 and by 1933 the final work was done on the main structure. Even today, however, the chapel is far from finished. The late Rev. Ogilby, Dean at that time, believed that a chapel should be a living monument, always added to, never classified as complete. With that purpose in mind, the front of the chapel was left unfinished to connect it later on with the library by means of a gate. This portal is to be styled after the famous Henry the Eighth Gate of London.

Plans have also been proposed for a field house which is to be constructed near Broad Street after the war. We think that our anxious athletes might be glad to know this.

"PASS THE BROMO!"

Up to now I have led a normal, everyday life, quite unconscious of how mechanical I could be. But now someone has flung the word "integrity" at me, asked me to define it, and I am at a loss. Referring to the dictionary in this case is almost as profitless as it is confusing. In the long run, I found that the one connection with the word "integrity" was myself and for information I consulted the harsh teacher of experience.

Since I am not mature as yet, I do not propose to give a complete definition of the term "integrity". I put it as simply as this: honesty to one's self. When you can live up to what you believe to be right, then, I guess, you have integrity. If you wish to call it that, the word has now been fixed. It remains for me to decide how important integrity is and how far I should let it go.

That is not easy. Perhaps a few sleepless nights will fill the bill. But in the end it takes many turnings and readjustments of the pillow before you can finally alight upon the solution. Once the answer is yours, it is easily shaped into two words, inner peace. Integrity makes all the difference between turning that pillow and going to sleep and I, for one, very easily tire of turning pillows.

The words "inner peace", however, cry out for explanation and I shall, therefore, attempt to discuss some part of the confused thoughts that led me to my conclusion. To begin with, if you have ever done anything in which you do not believe, you will find it hard to forget. You can't get it out of your mind. It bothers you because you knew it wasn't right. Somehow you did it and now you begin to regret your action. In short, your conscience is after you. You've already lost some of that inner peace. You've got a lot of pillows to turn!

Add to that the fact that we all have to die someday and we've really got a case. It is my intention to see that I keep that narrow path in sight at least. I don't want to find myself shaking at the thought of death because, unlike Mc Pherson, I've really earned my "coal in hell". If integrity has something to do with it, I'm interested.

I say that I want only to keep the narrow path in sight. I know that nowadays I can't walk it without making myself disliked and unhappy. That's why I've got to put limits to integrity. Like everything else, integrity goes so far. Overdoing it would prove as harmful as forgetting it. Supposing, for instance, that I am in the company of some boys, and one of them indulges in profanity. According to my principles, profanity is not the best thing for any person. Therefore, I must either leave or give a sermon on the subject. In any case I can not let the oversight pass without a frown. That means I have integrity. That means I stay in the dorm next time.

But rounding out my thought, I come back to the main consideration of feeling free inside. A day ago, I sat in the class room waiting for the opening bell to ring. In my hand lay an exercise sheet which had been prepared the day before. It was composed mainly of thought questions and I doubted severely some of the radical decisions which were now harmlessly put in a straight line of checks down the edge of my paper. As though natural, my eyes caught the nearest sheet and, to my chagrin, the answers differed. Loathe to change my own answers,

I asked my neighbor what he had on his paper. I buckled when his answers matched those on the paper before. As neatly as possible, I erased out the boldest answers and copied in some of my neighbor's results. But luckily for me, I changed my mind in time and reverted to my own answers.

No, I didn't get a perfect paper.

I got a good night's sleep!

A. Marzi

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Below are the answers of different students to the question:

"What has been your most embarrassing experience?"

Leo O'Connor: When I said "yes" and she said "no". Never mind what happened afterwards.

John Mc Donough: Once, when I was riding in a bus with a few fellows, I told them about a girl I had been out with a few nights ago. I didn't like the dame, and didn't spare her a bit in my description. You can imagine how I felt when I turned around and saw her sitting behind me.

Al Goldfarb: I was never embarrassed.

Jim Nolan: I was in New Britain one Saturday night with my pal, John Labenowski. A car picked us up and we told the three girls in it to take us to Trinity College. They got confused over the highway signs and at three o'clock in the morning we found ourselves 27 miles further away than when we had started. Disgusted with women drivers, we bid them adieu and hitchhiked back to Hartford, arriving at the ungodly hour of 6 a.m..

Marc Levy: It was the day of the Senate election and I was discussing the candidates with some friends of mine. I didn't like one of them and wasn't at all hesitant about calling him a damn s.o.b. as well as a couple of other things. When I looked around, I saw him standing a few feet away, having doubtless overheard me.

Harold Cook: Mrs. Roosevelt visited our Army post one day and I was ordered to play the organ for her in the chapel. The First Lady entered the chapel flanked by two brigadier generals, a half dozen colonels and a cluster of other officers. I started off well enough, but when I tried to turn the page of the selection I was playing, I became afflicted with a case of butterfingers and all the pages fell down on the keys, making what was certainly a ghastly noise. When Mrs. Roosevelt and her company looked up at me in astonishment, I fervently wished for a nice, deep hole I could sink into.

Glenn Gately: The evening after the Navy-Notre Dame game, I attended a victory dinner given for the Navy squad at the Waldorf-Astoria. I discussed the game with a fellow sitting next to me, and told him that Notre Dame made a bad mistake when they continually tried to pass in the third quarter. "That jerk who threw all those passes for Notre Dame ought to have his dumb head examined!" I declared. "I know something about that guy", remarked my companion. "Yes, what?" "It was me", answered the fellow.

* * *

"That'll be enough out of you", said the milkmaid moving over to the next cow.

• • • THIS IS YOUR PAPER!

We want each one of our readers to feel that he has a personal stake in the new Tripod. The paper was published for the enjoyment of everyone connected with the College, be it the faculty, students, office staff or janitors. The only way we can succeed is by having all of you like it. We sincerely hope you will.

We also hope that you will want to make your personal contribution to the Tripod by letting us hear from you. Some of you may have written a little article, composition or poem which you think is pretty good and would like to see in print. Or perhaps it is an amusing anecdote, a couple of belly-laugh jokes or some unusual scrap of information. Why not send it to us?

Then again, you may have an idea or two of your own about how The Tripod should be written. Let us know about it. If you don't like something you read in this issue, don't hesitate to bawl us out for it. Remember, we are only in the experimental stage and any and all advice will be appreciated.

If you see some glaring defect in the way things are done here, bring it to our attention. We intend to be a progressive and, if need be crusading paper. We shall have a letter-to-the-editor column where you'll be able to growse about all your grievances, holler for your enemies' scalps, and, in general, raise a little hell if you so feel inclined.

The main office has a box in which you can drop your contributions. In a few days, we expect to see that box crammed full. How about it, fellows? Don't let your paper down!

• • • A CHALLENGE TO YOU

Trinity College has, in the last few months, become a very dull place. The traditionally gay and merry college life, to which many of our freshmen were looking forward, has failed to materialize. What's the use kidding ourselves. That's the way things are. But it is not the way they should be, and it is definitely not the way they will be if The Tripod has anything to say about it.

What we need here are more student activities, a good half dozen more. The civilian students at Trinity number almost one hundred and the V-12 men will certainly engage in extra-curricular affairs if the opportunity is accorded them. All that is lacking is the initiative and enthusiasm to start the ball rolling. Once begun, the new organizations will surely get on a firm footing and receive excellent support from all.

Last term we had a political science club. What happened to it? You can't tell us enough Trinity men aren't interested in current affairs to form some sort of club! How about a debating team? It would give our numerous campus lawyers an opportunity to display their forensic talents.

The Jesters produced an excellent play last term. We haven't heard as much as a "boo" from them since November 1st. What's wrong? Certainly not a shortage of hams! Why couldn't we have a camera club? Trinity teems with photo fiends.

Our hard-working basketballers deserve enthusiastic support. Why

not organize a group of cheerleaders? Why not, indeed? We all like music, so how about an orchestra? Play it hot, play it sweet, but play!

The Tripod hereby flings down the old glove and openly challenges the Trinity student body to organize some activities that will alleviate the dismal bore which college life has become. This is a challenge, not to some mysterious George, but an individual dare to you, and you, and you!!!

• • • THIS WAR IS NO CINCH

"It's a cinch, it's in the bag, this war's as good as won!" Who of us hasn't listened to sentences like the above, uttered by complacent optimists who consider World War II already over as far as they are concerned. It is this complacency to which the responsibility must be assigned for the current let-down in war production. It has been this very ultra-optimism which is liable to prolong the terrible conflict, to add the cost of shattered lives and wrecked existences, broken homes and maimed men.

Let us look at the facts. They are cold, hard, real. They are not inducive to complacency, rather to a good deal of straight thinking. True, we have successfully invaded the continent. True, we are now fighting on the German border. But that border is being defended by veritable fanatics, desperate people clinging to their home soil. It is also defended by a maze of steel fortifications fifty miles deep and five hundred long, the concrete Westwall. Once past it, the road will still be an arduous one, for the Nazis will cling to every inch of ground all the way to Berlin and perhaps even beyond their capital. No cause for complacency here.

In the Pacific, we have invaded the Philippines. Well and good. But the fact is that, in two months of hard fighting, only about five per cent of the Islands are in our possession. The fact is, also, that the Japanese Empire is a huge, sprawling octopus in control of Manchuria, Korea, Burma, Thailand, Malaya, Sumatra, Formosa, Borneo, and the entire coast of China. The Japanese have virtually cut China in half and are now threatening Kwelyang and Chungking. No cause for complacency here either.

This is a long war, and the end, while in sight, is still exceedingly distant. Instead of predicting 1944 or 1945 as the year the war will end, our complacent arm-chair strategists had better shift their sights to 1947 and 1948. And they had better leave that arm-chair, too, for there is a place awaiting them at Uncle Sam's production line, whose continued efforts must back our men at the front.

* * *

An old Scotch lady, on her deathbed, sent for her favorite niece and said to her, "My dear, I know I am going to die, and I want you to tell them all that I do not want any fuss or expense attached to my burial. Before I am laid out in my black silk dress, I want you to take out the back breadth--it will be enough to make a good dress for you." "But Auntie," said the girl, "I don't want to do that. I don't like to think of you and Uncle Donald going up the golden stairs together and have people see that there is no back breadth in your skirt." "My dear," said the old lady, "When Uncle Donald and I go up the golden stairs together they won't be looking at me, because I buried your Uncle Donald without his kilts."

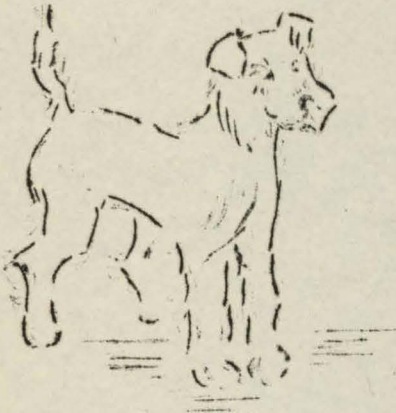
YOU'RE SMART?

A prize of \$3.00 will be given to the sailor or civilian who answers most of the following questions correctly. If two or more contestants hand in the highest number of correct answers, the prize will go to the paper which was submitted first. Hand all your papers in at the main office. No entries will be accepted later than two weeks after publication.

Here is a handy bit of cash for the cigarette fiend. (Hilarious!) So put those brain cells to work, fellows!

1. What American general was recently recalled from China?
2. What is Britain's national anthem? Give the name of the American song with the same tune.
3. Who first said, "Go West, young man"?
4. Who are known as (1) The Voice, (2) The Sheik, and (3) The "It" Girl?
5. Which president was a tailor by profession? A surveyor?
6. What is the background of the word lunatic?
7. What do the French mean by "an apple of the earth"?
8. What were the first words spoken over the telegraph?
9. Whose symphony is now known as the "Victory Symphony"?
10. What is the derivation of the expression "grapes of wrath"? (The reference is not to the book of the same name.)
11. Name three of the four actors and actresses who have twice won the Academy Award.
12. One of New York's most famous sons was called the "Happy Warrior". Who was he?
13. Who is the father of modern China?
14. What was the famous "long count" incident in boxing history? Who were the fighters involved?
15. The American Red Cross was founded by whom?
16. A book was recently published with the title Thus Be It Ever. Where did the author get that title?
17. How many legs does a firedog usually have?
18. Who is known as the Maid of Orleans?
19. Where and when was gold first discovered in California?
20. At the beginning of the hour you are holding an empty basket in your hand. After the first minute you find one egg in the basket and from then on the basket's contents doubles every minute. At the end of the hour, the basket will be full. When will it be half full?

Dog Makes Grade



This morning we actually had an interesting physics class! Five minutes after the opening bell, a white, wiry-haired dog sauntered into the room, observed what was going on, and then made off for his favorite corner. All this was not done without creating a stir among the "engrossed" students. But the dog, apparently accustomed to visits of the sort and quite understanding, co-operated with the teacher by paying no attention. During the course of the hour the dog yawned considerably, but always with such politeness that the

instructor only asked him, "Bored?" We were half way through, with the teacher ahead by two lengths, when the dog gave up the struggle, weaved his way in and out of the aisles, went out and up the stairs.

Such is the life of a college-going dog--the life of 4-O.

4-O's entrance into Trinity was quite informal. As much as he hated to miss matriculation, 4-O could not possibly make his way to the Trinity gate until late April. The day was wet and soggy and the walk through the campus pools was not as inspiring as such a walk could be. The whole afternoon was spent roaming around the college grounds. So that by the time some sailors, who were coming back from Saturday liberty, found him, the dog was half-starved and in worse sorts than any amount of hazing could put a freshman in. One among them had some delicious home-made cookies in his room and he offered to sacrifice a few. Acting on the hunch that a hungry dog would not be too fussy, the fellows managed to get the dog over to the dorm where they presented him with a handsome biscuit. 4-O demurred at first, being highly sensitive, but soon came around to convincing himself that the cake was worth a sniff. But that's all!, he decided, and refused to eat the cookie. At the time, the helpful sailor who had supplied the cookied felt quite insulted. But since then he has come to like the dog very much, taking pains now to designate himself as "one of the finders of 4-O".

In any case, the dog stayed for the night and by morning he was house-broken, the only interpretation for the limpid pool in the dormitory closet. Since that time, 4-O has never left the college and has become the accepted mascot of the Navy V-12 contingent at Trinity. He follows the boys everywhere and is apt to turn up at the most embarrassing times.

But that is 4-O's way. He goes from fellow to fellow, dorm to dorm, always wandering and with no fixed residence.

As for his pedigree, 4-O has always remained silent on that question. Some people try to class him as a Heinz dog, one of fifty-seven different varieties. 4-O barks at that and keeps the rest on the Q-T. Until lately, 4-O has also kept quiet about his political ideas. But the other day he was in one of the classes and marched straight out of the room on the first use of the word "Republican". However, if we are also to interpret his continuous barking at Mr. Shepard, we must put him in the ranks of the non-partisans.

A while back, 4-O spent time in the sick-bay. During that stay, he had his hair trimmed by the doctor in charge. The delicate subject struck up an immediate friendship and since then 4-O has made recurrent visits to that part of the college. With his 'sick-bay' visits, the washings he gets by restricted men on Saturdays, and his latest finery of green jacket and silver bells, 4-O certainly leads a dog's life!

As told to A. Marzi
by E. Meyrowitz A/S

stop us if ---

You heard the one about a man named Finkelberger who went to court to have his name changed to Kelly.

"Why?", asked the judge.

"Business reasons" was the reply.

"So ordered".

In a year he was back, before the same judge. He wanted to be known as Murphy.

"Why?"

"Because whenever I tell anybody my name he looks at me and asks:

"What was it before it was Kelly?"

This one is quite famous:

-----Impatient with President Lincoln's order that detailed reports from the front be dispatched to the White House, General McClellan sent him the following telegram:

President Abraham Lincoln
Washington, D. C.

We have just captured six cows. What shall we do with them?
George B. McClellan

The President immediately answered:

General George B. McClellan.
Army of the Potomac

As to the six cows captured---milk them.

A. Lincoln

-----On a tour of the United States, the great actress Sarah Bernhardt was interviewed by a young AP string correspondent, Sam Davis, for his own paper, the Carson (Nev.) Appeal, the San Francisco Examiner, and for AP. The actress liked him so much that, when her train was ready to leave, she put her hands on his shoulders, kissed him on each cheek and then squarely on the mouth, saying, "The right cheek for the Carson Appeal, the left for the Examiner, the lips, my friend, for yourself."

Unabashed, Davis exclaimed, "Madam, I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi River alone!"

-----A young woman, going to a banquet, had a bad case of sniffles. She held one handkerchief in her hand and put a second in her bodice. At the banquet, she had used up the first 'kerchief and was rummaging in her bosom for the other. When the young woman noticed that everyone had turned his attention on her, she stammered coyly:

"I know I had two when I came in!"

* * *

Maisie was standing up to the bar in a London pub having a spot of ale when a friend walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you having one?"

"No, Horace, it's merely the cut of me coat."

The SPOTLIGHT

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falls on three students in our first issue, two V-12 men and a civilian. Without further ado, we give you, first:

JAMES RAYMOND DRISCOLL

Brown-eyed, light brown-haired Jim is 22, stands 6'1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", and weighs 170 pounds. A popular V-12'er, he is thinking of making the navy his career but hasn't definitely decided yet. He was born in Indian Head, Maryland, but has lived in Washington, D.C., since he was two years old. There he went to Gonzaga Prep and then attended Georgetown University for one semester, taking a pre-med course.

Jim enlisted in the navy right after Pearl Harbor, early in January 1942. He went to sea in June as member of a gun crew on a merchant ship. That trip took him around the world--Australia, India, South Pacific, everywhere. The submarine menace was at its height at that time, and Jim lost his first ship 30 minutes after it had left New York Harbor. Before reaching Trinidad, three ships had been sunk under him. All in all he went through 30 submarine attacks that year. Near Calcutta, his ship was bombed for seven straight nights by the Japs.

Jim came back here about a year later, was promoted to gunner's mate, and went to sea again as head of a gun crew on an oil tanker. The tanker was busy in the North Atlantic, but this time "nothing serious" happened. He came back in October, 1943, and took the V-12 competitive exams in New York. Then he was assigned to gunnery school at Camp Bradford, where he took advanced courses and taught elementary gunnery to green crews and also officers. Jim also had the job of interviewing men going to sea to see if they were ready for action.

He passed the V-12 tests and, given his choice of colleges, requested Trinity, since he liked a small, non co-ed school with high standards. Jim thinks that, "as far as V-12 schools go, this is one of the top ones. I have never regretted choosing it". The quiet, modest type, Mr. Driscoll has no hobbies or special interests but admits he "loves a warm fireplace."

CLIFFORD ALAN BOTWAY

Blue-eyed, straw-haired Cliff, famous for his rugged individualism, is 18, stands 5'2", and totes 97 pounds. He is majoring in bacteriology--"I want to be a bug-chaser"--and finds himself in the midst of his sixth term. His home is on Park Avenue, New York, and his pre-college education consists, he avows, of attending Classical High School in Ogapu, Siberia. From here on, we'll let the old boy himself spin the yarn: "I will work for anybody foolish enough to hire me. My big love affair is Hazel, the only girl I really love. I plan to marry her when I graduate, unless forced to sooner. I am interested in nothing except loafing. Why did I come to Trinity? Because it accepted me. My favorite movie stars are Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main, for obvious reasons. I do not like the way things are run here, especially in the physical education department."

We'll have to turn Mr. Botway off here, for he felt deeply about that last subject and launched into an unprintable tirade against Messieurs Oosting, Jessee, James, Clark, et al. The latter will be provided with free space for any counteroffensives they wish to start--

ROBERT BURNS

Brown-eyed, blond-haired Bob is 19, 5'11" tall, and weighs 155 pounds. In his second term as a well-liked V-12'er, Mr. Burns isn't sure about his career but thinks he might stay in the navy. Born in New York City, he attended PS72 in the Bronx until the fifth grade, then moved to Passippany, N.J., attending Fulton High there. After that he attended Wooster College in Ohio for two terms, taking a liberal arts course.

Bob then took the V-12 tests, but the results were lost at Columbus and he went into the regular navy when his draft number was up. Boot camp was spent at Newport, R.I., where he also went to fire control school. Receiving an FC rating, he went to the Washington, D.C. navy yard, "fooling around with different guns and directors."

In March, 1944, Bob took another V-12 exam. He was to be sent to the Bremerton, Washington, navy yard, but had his orders cancelled two days before the date he was to leave, being instead sent to Trinity. His favorite movie stars are Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper, "but Ingrid definitely is my dish." As for women, "I'm scared of them." As for Trinity, "the place has a peculiar sort of atmosphere."

Krazy Krax

***DEFINITION

Perpetual motion: A Jew trying to collect a bill from a Scotchman.

***The best loony story we've heard recently is about the inmate of the booby-hatch who loved to read. Book after book he devoured, one after the other, finishing them in practically no reading time.

One day one of his fellow nuts handed him the phone book, saying, "Have you read this?"

The book-lover took it and disappeared, and didn't show up for several hours. When he finally emerged from his padded cell, his fellow nut said: "Well how did you like it?"

"I liked it a lot," was the reply. "It didn't have much of a plot, but boy! what a cast!"

***Here's another about the booby-hatch:

Visitors at asylum: "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Sure. The people here ain't as crazy as you think."

***Mrs. Willis: "Have you heard the little Bump girl sing?"

Mr. Willis: "Yes."

Mrs. Willis: "Don't you think she ought to be sent abroad?"

Mr. Willis: "Sure; deport her, by all means."

***LATEST DRAFT classification--8X--single men with married children.

***GI to date: "Do you mind if I turn out the light? I freckle easily."

***Have you heard about the scandal in the Garden of Eden--when Eve was AWOL, absent without leaf?

** Of the interesting speeches being given in our English classes, The Tripod has chosen one by Grey Smith because it shows good planning and offers timely advice for the "unfortunate" cigarette fiend.

-15-

As in practically everything else, there is an art to pipe smoking. Anybody can go down to the drugstore and get a can of Prince Albert and a corn cob for a total investment of about thirty-five cents, but they're not liable to enjoy their smoking very much. No, I'm talking about the kind of smoking that is a pleasure to the smoker, and not merely a habit. There are three main points to pipe smoking--the pipe, the tobacco, and the way the pipe is broken in.

First of all, we will discuss the pipe. Now, there are many different shapes and sizes of pipes, and I can't advise any particular style. It's advisable, however, to spend at least a dollar or a dollar and a half for a pipe, for anything under that is bound to be made of inferior wood and will not give a satisfactory smoke. For this price, your best bet is a Yellow-Bole. It's an inexpensive job which can be broken into a pretty good pipe.

Then we come to the tobacco. This is the stumbling block of many a would be pipe smoker. They see Prince Albert spread all over billboards, and figure it must be a pretty good tobacco. So they buy some, take a few puffs and get quite a shock. I don't know how many of you have smoked P.A., but to me, anyway, it tastes like a low grade of bird seed. If they're persistent, they try a more expensive tobacco. Nine times out of ten it will be Rum and Maple. That's a fatal mistake! The stuff smells sweet, but the taste is a different story. It's made of long stringy strands of tobacco, and it burns like a bon-fire when it gets going.

The best thing to do is to go to a regular pipe shop and state your tastes to the dealer. If you like a sweet smoke, he will probably recommend Mixture 79, London Dock, or something along that line. If you like an aromatic smoke, then Walnut or John Martin Cole will be your best bet. The choice depends on the individual and you'll probably try quite a few before you hit the brand that's just right.

You can have the best pipe in the world and the best tobacco, but if you don't break the pipe in correctly you'll never be able to enjoy your smoking. The trick is to smoke the same tobacco for the first thirty pipefuls and allow a fairly thin cake to form on the inside of the bowl. To make sure that this cake also forms on the lower part of the bowl, just load the bowl halfway to the top the first ten pipefuls or so. You can build up a sweet coat on the inside of the bowl by rubbing a little honey or sugared water around it. I have never tried it myself, but most pamphlets concerning pipes will tell you to do this.

In conclusion, I should like to mention a few of the advantages of smoking a pipe. For one thing, you can get any kind of a smoke you want. If you like a sweet smoke, you can buy a sweet tobacco. If you go in for the unusual, you can get something in the aromatic line, and for the rugged smoker, there is always Blue Boar or Granger. Taking the Scotch point of view, it's very economical since a package of tobacco will last a week, and best of all, no one can borrow a pipe like they can a cigarette.

BETWEEN THE BOOK ENDS

-16-

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN

Gwethalyn Graham

At last we have the author with gumption enough to write a modern novel which openly criticizes the out-moded idea of marrying only within one's class. This is the enlightening story of a young couple who tried to buck convention with the "silly" excuse of being in love. The conservative element is aptly represented in the families, and the struggle which follows is tense enough, but almost always pathetic.

The author does not give ground to either side but always maintains a serious balance. Her sincere desire is to sound out a deep-rooted custom which has already enjoyed too long a life. Since the work is done with such subtlety and power, most readers will put it down with a fresh disgust for prejudice and all its meaning.

Strangely enough, the dominant character seems to be that of the father. Basically weak, he does not dare leave his conventional shell but supplies opposition from the first to the very last. It does not matter where you read, you will always feel his presence and really come to understand the burden he was.

The only criticism to make about the novel is that it could have been more typical. This does not necessarily destroy the effect, by any means, but it would have gone far to make the novel lasting.

At any rate Miss Graham puts dialogue to excellent use and portrays her characters admirably. The book is certainly worthwhile and merits the popularity it now enjoys.

A. Marzi

THE GREEN YEARS

A. J. Cronin

Dr. Cronin's newest work is worthy of being ranked alongside his "Keys of the Kingdom" and "The Citadel". In it the author again displays his remarkable insight into human nature and his sympathies with the inner struggles of the adolescent mind.

Robert Shannon, central figure of the novel, is a character we all can understand because all of us are like him in some respects, all of us have had to face some of the problems he was forced to cope with. Dr. Cronin takes him at hand when an eight-year old orphan and guides him to his twentieth milestone. Although Robert Shannon had probably a much harder life than most of us, his remains a sensitive, complicated mind that tries to comprehend many things, some of them beyond the understanding of any of us.

Technically, "The Green Years" approaches perfection. Dr. Cronin has become one of the outstanding literary figures of the English-speaking world, and his technique is developed and subtle, reminiscent of Richard Llewelyn's in "How Green Was My Valley". A fine book to read for Christmas or give as a Noel present.

H. Brand

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10				11				12				
13				14			15		16		17	
18						19			20			
			21			22						23
	24				25			26				27
28		29		30			31		32			33
34				35			36	37			38	
39						40		41		42		
43				44			45			46		
		47	48		49					50	51	52
	53					54				55		56
57					58				59			60
61									62			

ACROSS

1. Land of Bobby Burns
7. Slave
10. White linen vestment
11. The proverbial apple did her in
12. Greek veranda
13. Also
14. A single metrical line
16. To press the will of
18. Sorry lady, make-up can't hide it
19. First pin-up girl
21. Theodore Roosevelt
22. Holds in bondage
26. German pronoun
27. Military flatfoot
28. Gal with the gams
32. Tough situation
33. Behold!
34. Border
35. Either's better half
36. Malt drink not on Liggett's menu
38. Humor
39. Synopsis
41. Greek poet
43. Suffix used to indicate the object of an action
44. To ascertain or mark the tare of (pest)
46. Preposition
47. Double vowel combination
49. New
50. To strike the canvas gently
53. Building (abbr.)
54. Fox's foxhole

23. Blemish
24. Part of the stomach of a ruminant
25. Student's nightmare (jewohl!)
28. Hoggishness
29. Friend (Fr.)
30. The Take
31. How to get better marks
37. Loads
38. "Knock on _____"
40. To eat away
42. What Clara Bow had plenty of
45. To turn outward
47. Highest male singing voice
48. European river
51. Movie idol's first name
52. Boston does it to every "good" book
53. Scrooge's favorite expression: "_____ humbug!"
55. To inspect closely
57. Southwest
59. The letter M

CROSSWORD

by
E. TRANT

56. Note of the scale
57. To satisfy
58. America's paradise (like hell!)
60. Article
61. Member of world's oldest profession
62. Resources

DOWN

1. Old Lucifer
2. To dam up
3. Higher wind instrument
4. Simple machine
5. Hail!
6. Guts
7. The March King
8. Most people like to bend it
9. Outdated synonym of hell!
12. Everyman has six of them
15. Japanese copper coin
17. Pilot's bogeyman
20. Northern Ireland
21. Small flap or tag

Spotting Sports

by H. BRAND

HERE ARE some interesting statistics about our basketeers. The average height of the squad is exactly six feet, with Red Faber and Chips Wines the leaders at 6'2", while Dan Dickerson and Harry Dennis share "small guy" honors at 5'10". The average weight of the fellows is 169 pounds, with Faber the only man to reach 200 and Bill Lamneck, the thin man, at 142. The age proposition yields an average of 19 4/14 years per man. John Duffy and Harry Dennis are tops at a senile 23, while Bill Coughlin and Mike Shafer share youngster laurels at sweet seventeen. We'll bet they've both been bossed, but plenty.

THE ALL-AMERICAN selections are one passion that obsesses everyone who wields a pen in the world of sports from Grantland Rice and Bill Stern down, and we mean way, way down, to yours truly. Although we realize that we are only making a damn nuisance of ourselves, we cannot resist the temptation of choosing our own mythical squad. Here goes nothing (as Tommy Menville might have said when he married for the eighth-or is it ninth?-time):

First team--Phil Tinsley, Georgia Tech, and George Poole, Army, ends; Bill Willis, Ohio State, and Don Whitmire, Navy, tackles; Ben Chase, Navy, and Bill Hackett, Ohio State, guards; John Taverner, Indiana, center; Les Howath, Ohio State, Glenn Davis, Army, Bob Kelly, Notre Dame, and Felix Blanchard, Army, backs.

Second team--Jack Dugger, Ohio State, and Paul Walker, Yale, ends; George Savitsky, Penn, and John Ferraro, Southern California, tackles; Pat Filley, Notre Dame, and Ralph Serpico, Illinois, guards; Frank Warrington, Auburn, center; Buddy Young, Illinois, Boris Dimancheff, Purdue, Bob Fenimore, Oklahoma A. and M., and Bob Jenkins, Navy, backs.

Honorable Mention--Frank Bauman, Purdue, and Leon Bramlett, Navy, ends; Clyde Flowers, Texas Christian, and Dewitt Cowtler, Army, tackles; Ellis Jones, Tulsa, and Joe Stanewicz, Army, guards; Jack Martin, Navy, center; Tom Mc Williams, Mississippi State, Doug Kenna, Army, Hal Hamberg, Navy, and Bob Hoemscherneyer, Indiana, backs.

NOT PUBLICIZED but doing a wonderful morale job are five USO camp shows composed of major league baseball men who are taking a three-month tour of the war fronts. The groups are composed of players, managers, umpires and newspapermen, with the scribes acting as masters of ceremonies. Stories, questions and answers, and films of the 1944 World's Series between the Cardinals and Browns set the pace in the entertainment offering.

In the European theater, the touring group includes J. Roy Stockton of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Mel Ott, Frank Frisch, Bucky Walters, and Dutch Leonard. In the Mediterranean area, Tom Meeny of PM, Leo Durocher, Joe Medwick and Nick Etten are keeping busy.

The C-B-I roundup features Red Patterson of the New York Herald-Tribune, Paul Wener, Dixie Walker, and Luke Sewell. The Southwest Pacific is visited by Frank Lewis of the Cleveland Press, Steve O'Neill, John Lindell, Tucker Steinback, and Umpire Beans Reardon. The Iran-Egypt territory is covered by John Carmichael of the Chicago Daily News, Carl Hubbell, Harry Heilmann, Fred Fitzsimmons, and Umpire Bill Sumners.

JUDGE LANDIS'S death will leave a gap that no one will ever be able to fill, especially if the major league club owners have anything to say about it. The Czar's innate honesty, sense of fairness and sympathy for the little fellow made him a popular figure with everyone but the basemagnates themselves, who would have dispensed with his services a long time ago if they had dared do so.

In 1919, when the Judge took office, baseball was fighting for its very existence and needed a strong pilot to guide it through the troubled times. Judge Landis proved to be just that person, and under his firm guidance the game came back into its own as the national pastime. However, as the years went by the owners grew more and more resentful of the Judge's iron rule, definitely seeking to put him out of the field. You may be sure of one thing. Whomever the owners choose as the new commissioner, he will be a man willing to bow to their wishes. For an annual salary of \$2,000 shekels, the candidates should be a penny a thousand.

Judge Landis had a peculiar sense of humor. When walking with his wife one day, he saw her slipping on the wet sidewalk and said, admonishingly, "Look out, dear! Don't break your goddamn neck!"

It's Trinity--Wesleyan Tonight!

A Trinity team, hungry for victory, will travel to Middletown tonight for its long-awaited clash with Wesleyan's cagers. Nobody needs to be told that this is THE game of the year, between two schools whose rivalry has been long, bitter, and productive of many thrilling contests.

Last winter the Roosters triumphed twice by 84-42 and 50-49 scores. Those 84 points were the biggest total ever rolled up by a Trinity court aggregation, and that they could be achieved against Wesleyan was, of course, very gratifying.

The Cardinals are much improved this season, and at the time of writing have split even in four games. They defeated the United States Coast Guard Station and the Otis Field five of Camp Edwards by identical scores, 58-44. Williams College edged them 35-34, while Yale trounced them 54-36.

The best man on the Middletown quintet is Scott Boley, the only civilian on the team. He has tallied 45 points to date, over 11 per game. Bill Hayles and John Mustey are tied at 36 apiece for second honors. The probable starting lineup will have Hayles and Wilby at forward, Mustey in the pivot post, and Boley and Bill Watts at guard.

Trinity's season has not been very successful thus far. The reason is simple--lack of experienced players. Not a single candidate remains from last year's successful team; not even a member from the Junior Varsity group. The schedule, on the other hand, is probably one of the most difficult the Blue and Gold has ever faced.

Yale is expected to be the outstanding team in the big league this year. Union College has a crackjack five that is regularly booked for Madison Square Garden appearances. Net Holman's C.C.N.Y. charges are, as usual, among the best in the East. Holy Cross has a reputation for court excellence. Nobody can call that list of opponents a setup.

The big man on the Trinity team this year is unquestionably

Eddie "Red" Faber, who was a regular in the last four games for the Big Red team at Cornell last year. Faber has done yeomen service in this campaign, and promises to become one of the outstanding hoopsters in New England.

Danny Dickerson has been outstanding at his forward post. The reddish-haired Kentuckian is a fine ball handler and has an eagle eye. Likable Andy Mahaleck is a spirited go-getter on the floor, while the brace of Johns, Labanowski and Kochiss, is becoming better by the game.

A large and enthusiastic contingent will accompany the squad to Middletown this evening. The men of Ousting will receive grand vocal support, and if they come through with a triumph they need not be ashamed over any other defeats they might incur this winter, except in the second Wesleyan tilt.

The probable lineups:

Trinity
 Mahaleck LF
 Dickerson RF
 Faber C
 Kochiss LG
 Labanowski RG

Wesleyan
 Wilby LF
 Hayles RF
 Mustey C
 Watts LG
 Boley RG

John Labanowski
 Andy Mahaleck
 Bill Lamneck
 Bill Coughlin
 John Kochiss
 Chips Wines

John Woche
 Red Faber
 Mike Shafer
 John Denuel
 Dan Dickerson
 John Duffy
 Dick Reagan
 Dick Nevins
 and Harry Dennis, too! (couldn't fit the lad in)

Answer to Crossword

C	O	T	L	A	N	D	S	E	R
A	L	B	E	V	E	S	T	O	A
T	O	O	V	E	R	S	E	U	R
A	G	E	E	V	E	N	U	S	R
N	T	R	E	N	S	L	A	V	E
T	A	G	E	S	M	P			
C	R	A	B	L	E	K	T	S	L
R	I	M	O	R	A	L	E	W	I
E	P	I	T	O	M	E	A	R	I
E	E	T	A	R	E	D	T	O	
D	A	O	N	O	V	E	L	D	A
B	L	O	G	D	E	N	E	L	A
S	A	T	E	J	E	R	S	E	A
W	H	O	R	E	A	T	M	E	A

